

BALCONY SQUARE



Balcony Square Dec. 11

'GET BACK' Exclusive... →

LONDON—BALCONY SQUARE somehow managed to snaffle a copy of the pirate version of the Beatles soon-to-be-released "Get Back" album, from the Beatles' London studios on this last

weekend. The rather tattered tape was transposed onto our smaller reels on Monday morning, interrupting our regular editors' meeting much to the joy of our harried Entertainment editor.

To say this album is unique is an understatement. From the tapes we heard it is easy to say the Beatles have done it again. The most amazing aspect of this recording appears to be the lack of the usually well-polished studio technique of the Beatles' previous sounds. "Get Back" brings the listener right into the studio, before the sounds are mixed, controlled and filtered. The album provides a curious insight into how the Beatles do it, the composition of sounds, the horse-play and put-ons, that strange Beatle wit practiced by Lennon and McCartney.

The first cut, a country ballad with vague slides somewhat like Johnny Winter uses, called "I want You", illustrated McCartney's liking for that country-western sound—Gene Autrey lives!

The second cut comes right from the back alleys of Liverpool and the distant Beatle past—"Teddy-boy". To quote Paul, "It goes though" despite the roughshod production, the song echoes of "I and the Walrus" with Lennon doing "Take your partner, do-see-doe..." in the background. The song ends with "There's always that one for consideration" with Paul giggling-off the finale.

"Going Home" the next cut, is one of the most beautiful ballads Lennon and McCartney have come up with yet. Twisting the Rolling Stones sound into their own distinctive lyrical mastery plus a liberal dose of Dylan Country/Western the song's power is overwhelming. "Two of us wearing rain-coats, standing solo, in the sun, chasing rainbows, lighting matches, going nowhere..."

It is rumored that the "Get Back" album/kit will weigh nine pounds. Whether it does or not, the whole idea of "Get Back" is really quite "heavy" enough as it is. Perhaps with this album's release the key to the whole Beatle mystery will appear quite clearly... and indeed, Paul McCartney is very, very much alive.

The album should be released for general sale sometime in early February. Listen to Radio Varsity tonight, the Martyn Weir show, 8-10, for the exclusive broadcast of "Get Back".



'GEORGE' FROM "THE BEATLES" ILLUSTRATED LYRICS
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MILES
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PHIL
MARMA-
(AGAIN!) DUKE
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AND GOOD CLEAN FUN!

BALCONY SQUARE

weekly published by the students of the university of scarborough, affiliated with the university of toronto. all opinions are those of the writer alone and do not reflect those of the student body and/or the editorial staff, office located at 1265 military trail, west hill, ontario, 284-3152, editor-in-chief michael clancy, managing editor paul scrivener, business manager dave chalmers, office monica walburger, layout henry flam, advertising: student advertising limited, 284a yonge, 368-7506

Editorial

It has been brought to our attention that the Athletic Association at Scarborough College is indulging in some rather unfair practices regarding the rest of the student body. It was learned that they would not relinquish the mold for the ring awarded to members of their association, for services rendered in good faith to the Athletic Association, to the Students' Council so that this ring could be duplicated and sold to the rest of the non-athletics. The council felt that people would feel a closer loyalty to this college if they could display a handsome, distinctive ring. The negotiations for the surrendering of this mold hinged on the fact that the Athletic Association owes the Students' Council \$600; and finally that the Athletic Association could continue to award their ring, but that it be solid gold, whereas the general student would purchase his ring and that it would be made of silver. The discussion broke down with Mr. G. Goldlust's unreal statement that the debts incurred against the Athletic Association were incurred by the previous executive, that the present body had nothing to do with these debts and thus they could take no responsibility for them in regard to exchanging their precious ring for these same debts. He also pointedly stated that this ring was indeed sacred and that no one but the Athletics would be entitled to wear it.

As wood for the fire, shoring up the defences it seems, the Athletic Association passed a motion which prohibits the use of their offices for general student requirements. Only members of the executive will gain entrance from now on, members being issued keys to insure this rule be kept (excluding of course, girl-friends, boy-friends, etc.). Only members will be allowed to use the office for study space, necking, or what-have-you.

It seems quite irrational that such a decision be made when study space is so hard to find. As for any other activities there's always the back seat of somebody's Chevy.

We at BALCONY SQUARE feel that the Athletic Association should be prepared to suffer the consequences of such moves; perhaps if we non-athletics restricted use of the washrooms to only non-athletic members of this college, nature would take its course and the Athletic Association would kindly condescend to we weaklings and surrender their Holy Grail and their Beloved Sanctity to the world.

The Editors,
Balcony Square

A modest proposal

President Nixon recently announced that the U.S.A. is abandoning its germ and chemical warfare program, and that existing stockpiles will be safely eliminated. This news has left the President happy; understandably, it has made the Russians happy; it's made Britain, France, Canada, Germany, Japan happy. What's more, it has made the AMERICAN PEOPLE happy! In fact, there's even a rumour about that (God Forbid!), Big Daddy Warbucks is happy!!! Everybody's so happy, I don't think I can stand it any longer. What's the matter with everyone anyway? Have you all gone stark-raving mad, out of your minds, insane — even crazy?

I have reports from reliable sources that believe the Red Chinese have just inundated the water supply of the western world with several thousand gallons of liquified-LSD. The purpose of this insidious plot is obviously, to make us all so happy and loving that we invite them to take over in a few weeks. (I myself am on a water-restricted diet which explains why I alone, stand unaffected in this heinous plot to overthrow freedom, and democracy.) (It also explains why I'm so dehydrated these last few days.) So, don't fear Canada, I will fight to save you! Where there's life, there's hope! BEWARE citizens, STAND ON GUARD, and all that stuff.

But what I can't understand is why? Why? WHY? eliminate our use of germ warfare? I think it's a much better way to kill people and end the world etc.. Nuclear war is so terribly messy. Not only do you kill absolutely everything, but you also destroy the surface of the planet. That means that all the buildings and monuments of mankind (ie. the cities) are reduced to rubble. What's more, life is impossible for billions of years later. This just ruins

everything for the Apes or the Martians or whoever takes over after us.

But germ warfare is all so nice and neat. All it does it kill people (and really, that's all you want). Then almost the entire world is left intact for maybe a few hundred thousand years. By that time, there will be a new human race who can get a great headstart just by walking into our ready-made cities. Furthermore, there isn't all that radioactive junk hanging around to poison food and (it is reported) cause warts.

I think you must agree as well, that it's a lot more comfortable to die in bed from a good, rotten disease than to be burned up by a 100 Megaton blockbuster. And may I add that it is also more economical. Germs are cheap.

Nuclear research has cost the U.S. alone, \$Billions, but only about \$1/2Billion has been spent on germ and chemical killers. Now in my eyes, that is an undeniable bargain. So let's not throw the stuff out in the garbage; why don't we save money and USE it!!

All we have to do is dump a few pails of enzyme-active typhoid in the Volga, Danube, Nile, Yantze, etc., (not the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence—we'll let the other side handle that.) Then deposit some FEBP (for you laymen: fortified, enriched, bubonic plague) in major lakes, off seacoasts—in fact, just about anywhere except Los Angeles. (In five years L.A. will have effectively killed herself off by air pollution, without any help from us). Then everyone, we are all stone cold dead!

We should appeal to the reactionary leaders of the U.S. to repeal this decision. I suggest smearing the U.S. consulate with TideXK (see how THEY LIKE it WITHOUT germs) and turning the heat down in their Ottawa embassy to give their ambassador a good case of the sniffles.

Lovers of FREEDOM! We must arise and kill everybody before the other side does. God bless us! Hail Strepto Coccus! and Till We Meet Again!
Scott Bell

The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics

Edited by Alan Aldridge

The trend in social commentary these days seems to be to sum up the events and social phenomena of the Sixties as they draw to a rather sneaky close. And most commentators will pounce on the Beatlemania phenomena of the Swinging Sixties will all the gusto of starved jackals. Alan Aldridge, however, proves to be the exception. Rather than attempting to mask over his subjectivity and bias with the "I am the Fifth Beatle" addage, he has gathered together artistic interpretations of the Beatles' fine lyrics by some of the world's best photographers and artists, from Jean Loup Sieff to Peter Max, reprinting these lyrics along side the interpretation with suitable comments by one of the Notorious Four as an explanation for the writing of the song.

Our cover illustration this week is entitled "George", by Mr. Aldridge, and goes quite suitably with "While My Guitar Gently Weeps". The comments by the Beatles enhance the listening of their music, coupled with these excellent drawings, to such an

extent that they almost become understandable.

Take for example, this comment by Paul McCartney on "Lovely Rita."

"I was bopping about on the piano in Liverpool when someone told me that in America they call parking-meter women meter-maids. I thought that was great and it got to be Rita Meter Maid and then Lovely Rita Meter Maid and I was thinking that it should be a hate song... but then I thought it would be better to love her, and if she was very freaky too, like a military man, with a bag on her shoulder. A footstomper, but nice."

With comments like that, it seems much more enjoyable listening to the strains of "Lovely Rita."

The artistic implications of this book are fantastic. The colours are mind-blowing, the lyrics are all-encompassing, from the earliest Beatle days to Abbey Road, and the effect is total... for once here is a multi-media book that would make McLuhan stand up and take notice... It's available at all the Classic Bookstores... don't miss it.

COMMENT

As the elected representatives of the Students of Scarborough College, we have within our power the ability to make decisions which directly affect the actions of the Students within the College.

Such decisions are taken with one objective in mind. That is, to manage the College so that the majority of Students are not coerced by the influence of a minority.

To be more particular, the perfect example is the Coffee-Womb which is under the control of the SCSS. If a small group of Students want to use the space for their own private drinking there is no objection unless their drinking affects others. And it does. When five Students are drinking in the Coffee-Womb the rest of the place is deserted. The same principle will apply (my opinion) concerning drinking throughout the College on the last day of term.

Another example concerns people from outside the College. On evenings, late evenings and weekends there is a group of high school students from the surrounding district who spend much of this time in the College. At first, little complaint could be taken with them but the situation is changing. This group is starting to cause physical damage to the building at late hours of the night. They also tend to monopolize areas of the building, (such as the Coffee-Womb) and at times when we need maximum use of our study facilities they use up a significant proportion of that space. For these reasons the possibility exists that a check might be put on these activities.

If I may return to the idea of the first paragraph, it is our privilege to initiate and carry out such policy, but it is not our right. If you, as a whole or as individuals, disagree, it is your right to come to a Council Meeting (you can speak as well as vote) and make your opinion felt. Without any indications from the Student body, we can only act as we think best. So come and express your opinion. You'll feel better for it.

Bob Kligerman, Vice-President S.C.S.S.

COMMENT

By Colin Kaiser

The Dec. 5th issue of Time is a parade of soul-searching; there is a whining "why" lurking behind the "Time Essay" and the longer article on My Lai. The attitude taken is that of a mother whose son has become a delinquent. "Where did I go wrong?" she asks.

The question is incorrect, for it implies a uniqueness in the American experience where there is none. Secondly, it seems to imply a uniqueness for Americans in the world which simply does not exist.

The military massacre has occurred within American history. Custers' pre-Sitting Bull days have at least one typical example. Add to this the Sand Creek Massacre and the fight at Wounded Knee in the 1890's. In all these cases an Indian tribe received the butt end of a superior military stick. Behind this was a philosophy that fit into the famous phrase, "the only good Indian is a dead one." In 1864 Forrest's semi-regular cavalry-infantry took Ft. Pillow and massacred about 400 Negro troops after they had surrendered. Obviously a racial element was present here.

For each example there was an underlying rationale. Somewhere in the folk-memory of Americans were the lurking shadows of Indian massacres. Ft. William Henry, the Raisin River massacre (committed under British eyes in the War of 1812) and more recently, the Minnesota massacres committed in the Civil War. The Indian was a barbarian.

In 1864 Forrest's men had a different attitude which had the same result: the Negro was inferior; the sight of him in arms which gave him the status of equal on the battlefield, was simply too much.

These are the best known examples of brutality recorded in American history but there are other documented ones and heaven knows how many undocumented cases.

In the better known cases (at least in the Indian examples) there was some presumed capacity from enemy resistance — this turned out to be a deliberately perpetrated lie or at best a mistake. The violence snow-balled until it became a matter of indiscriminate slaughter. This, too, was a part of the American experience; the only difference was that these affairs were unreported or misinterpreted.

The military atrocity as accident (or product of an encounter) is common in war; indeed it is a feature of war. There are thousands of cases recorded from Hannibal's time to ours; in fact I would say the atrocity is an inevitable result of war. Why? The battlefield nearby a village is the ideal place for the sadist, and every army has its share of those. War is a leveler of the veneer of civilization. McLuhan said in one of his more lucid pillaging moments: the price of eternal vigilance is indifference. The battlefield wears down tender compassion for the enemy; add to this the experience of seeing atrocities committed by the other side. This does not engender "love thy enemy" sentiments; it destroys them.

American civilization is quite destructible on the battlefield, and any hurt stances pulled on that account are at best deserving of a sneer.

My Lai reveals, especially well, the corrosive effects of guerrilla war upon regular forces, for guerrilla war is a warfare of patient attrition — a long-enduring, rubbing out of sensibilities. militarily, the struggle is full of frustrations — jaws snap in empty air, the machine suffers hundreds of pin-pricks without having the opportunity to slash back at any large recognizable enemy group. In addition, the enemy uses terror in ingeniously refined forms; he has a poor reputation when it comes to American prisoners and civilians. The indifference of the populace, who Americans are supposed to be "saving" is disillusioning the American soldier. Beside this the people hide guerrillas, arms, and worse, they are the manpower base for the Viet Cong.

Under such circumstances one can expect military forces to react in an "exaggerated" manner; there will be more My Lais. There are surely thousands of unrecorded cases of murder. This writer can remember a conversation with an American deserter who mentioned killing civilians and prisoners, largely in response to Viet Cong killings. Surely pointing at the Viet Cong is no justification for American atrocities; at the same time one must realize that this war is rapidly losing all need of "justifications" by either side. This war is, it is endowed with a life of its own — testified to by 30 years of war for the Vietnamese — and the smaller but growing length of American involvement. One can read complaints from Americans that My Lai is received with apathy and justification.

We can condemn a civilization if it sets down calculated, total murder as a method of waging warfare. The clash between armed forces is also murder but it is one in which each side generally agrees to the process. Deliberate killing of prisoners and civilians is still immoral in a different, more vital sense, in spite of the military justification. This is, alas, and old plea.

Secondly a civilization, when it knows (it must make the effort to know) of an atrocity of the My Lai type, it must grab the offenders and punish them. Those, in this case, should be shot.

If the Americans are able to convince themselves of the necessity of this war they will have to face the acts of brutality which crop up. It may be by their treatment of those responsible for the killings that the U.S. will establish its sickness or health as a civilization.

NOTICE

All staff members
of Balcony Square
come to the
newspaper office
with contributions

ENTERTAINMENT

By Martyn Weir

Miles Davis completed a week long stand at the Colonial Tavern last Saturday night, proving among other things that introspection is not always devoid of communication.

The introspection of the man was edged with fire. He created a sound texture so cool, almost ice cold yet one was left flushed and heated at the end.

Miles was alone in himself, but was very together with his band. On drum, Miles had given us Jack De Johnette, formerly with Charles Lloyd, and was utilized to play off against the rest of the band. With raw vitality, he played nearly an endless solo, jumping off from the rest of the band and threatening to go off the deep end!

Wayne Shorter on tenor and soprano shot up and down the scales with razor-edged tone, seemingly about to overshadow Miles and thus are felt he held something back.

When Shorter and Miles got together for duets, they had the tonal qualities of fanfares, with jagged phrases ending together, breaking together, and with such excellent harmonies, it often became hard to discern between sax and trumpet.

Dave Holland on bass was effective in the background. A former rock bass player from England, Miles brought him over, gave him a stand-up bass, and the band is better off for him. He emerged once for an exciting battle with the pianist Chic Corea.

Corea really was the unifying factor. With his solid, chunky playing, he held Shorter, Miles and De Johnette together.

Last Wednesday, the band was joined by Toronto guitarist Sonny Greenwich, perhaps the finest jazz guitarist anywhere. He controlled the entire set, his notes spiralling screaming and containing more jazz knowledge than most other musicians in the world. Sonny and Miles are currently working on adding the young Toronto artist to the band on a permanent basis.

Kinis Tired, Short, Nostalgic

by Martyn Weir

It was a time for nostalgia Saturday night as the Kinks attempted to regain some of their prominence in the Hawk's Nest.

Unfortunately, it wasn't a happy evening. When they did "Louie, Louie" or "Mean Woman Blues" it was not a brief return, but rather a time to remember the early years of the current rock implosion.

One found oneself equating each song with nearly forgotten incidents in their early teenage years, and thinking, really, how quickly those six years have passed.

The Kinks were effective. It was good, solid rock 'n' roll but unfortunately there was no indication of things to come. I cannot understand why they did not play more from "Arthur" their quasi-rock opera, for it is the success or failure of this effort which will decide the future for the band.

They appeared unsure of themselves, as if they might be parodying themselves by having to play all the old material.

Really, though, they had nothing else to play. That is probably the reason for the first show being better received. Then they did all of the million sellers, while in the second show they performed a hodge-podge of rock 'n' roll standards and selections from "Arthur".

RECORD REVIEWS

Phil Marmaduke is back in "The Back Seat". After twelve years of musical obscurity Phil Marmaduke has released an album of incredible originality. It could possibly be one of the best albums of this year if not of the decade. Along with the Puget Sound, Phil Marmaduke has gone back to the roots of Canadian music. The Eskimos, for a startling new concept in musical construction. He has created a fantastic liaison between the instruments and the techniques of the now well-established rock and the ancient traditions of the Eskimo music.

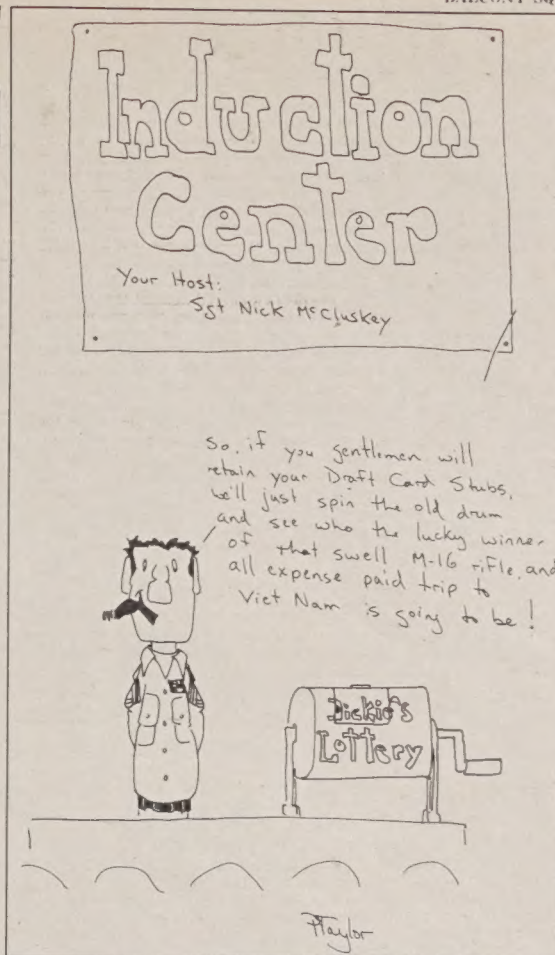
The most interesting piece of the album is "M is for the many things she gave me." In this song are embodied all the things that Phil has taken from the ancient traditions. The song includes a three minute drum solo, something which accentuates Phil's new interest in these northern rhythms. Rhythms which are comparable in importance to the work done by the Beatles or the Mothers. The chant which accompanies the drum solo is also of Eskimo tradition, a chant from the religious cult of the Cama Taka tribe.

The most important element on the album is Phil's incorporation of

the Hard Bow. It is a further extension of the northern rhythms. An instrument made of a hollowed out pine log and played with various types of bones, it serves not only as a rhythm instrument but by use of several different "sticks" it can be used to produce interesting harmonic structures as well as exceptional solo performances. In the hands of the capable of Bill Masters (Caribou Bill) Sweet Lolita soars with the Hard Bow solo.

The album is not only a collection of musical innovations. Phil Marmaduke's long hibernation in Le Pas, Manitoba has produced some changes in his outlook. There is an incorporation of social criticism into the music of the album. Not pretentious Phil has developed a genuine concern for the Indian problem and more specifically the Eskimo plight. Phil's song writing ability has also developed since his demise twelve years ago. "Come to me again" is the story of fatherless half-breed and the prejudices he encounters in the world of the fur trade in northern Manitoba.

Phil Marmaduke is back in "The Back Seat", but not for long. When this album takes hold Phil is going to be in the front seat of rock music.



RECORD REVIEWS

by Bill Chandler

The Kinks newest album Arthur is another attempt at the difficult task of the rock opera. Attempts which began back in 1965 with the Shindig show. A collection of pimply love songs were combined to form a very implausible plot.

The Shindig attempt can be dismissed completely, the real roots of the rock opera are found much further back. The rock opera starts strangely enough with Dylan. Dylan was the first artist to fully realize the potential of the album, by devoting the entire collection of songs to a central theme, a consistent concept. More than a simple collection of songs. "Highway 61 Revisited" and "Blonde on Blonde" become a more refined approach to a subject. Treatment of a subject or topic from a number of points of views in a number of different ways from a variety of songs. This technique has become standard among to-day's rock musicians.

Along the road to the rock opera from Dylan was the Beatles' monumental Sgt. Pepper's. A further extension of the unifying concept for material, the Beatles put the material into the form of a vaudeville show. The material, except for its musical complexity, could be plausibly staged, it could exist as a unit other than on the album.

The rock opera is the final step in this progression. The latest attempts have been made to present a body of material which: 1) is related in a manner that it presents a plot 2) is musically simple enough that it can be present on stage 3) contains material which also is unified on a point of view.

"Tommy" by the Who was the first attempt at this format. "Arthur" is the second attempt by the Kinks. Both the albums show the shortcomings of the format. In their attempts to simplify the musical structure of the songs: the limitation of the musicians to the members of the band and the instruments which they can play, the absence therefore of double tracking of musicians, the absence of anything that cannot be produced on stage, the music becomes very monotonous. A great deal of importance in the opera

rests on the singers. The excellence in the singer's interpretation of the songs, portrayal of their character and voice quality makes the opera a classical art form. The rock singer does not have the excellence of the opera singer. The rock opera too because of its limited "cast", the one or two singers are called upon to portray a number of characters. Only a skilled singer would be able to accomplish this and both Roger Daltrey and Ray Davies lack the skill to make the rock opera work effectively. The story lines in the rock opera are not clear in the album concept. Without intervening story line, the songs do not run together well enough to make the story clear. "Arthur" is the worst offender in this case. On the album the plot does not survive, however, originally produced for television, it probably is more understandable accompanied by a visual medium.

The songs of Arthur suffer from monotony. In the songs, however, it is the music which becomes tedious in most cases not the lyrics. The lyrics are frequently good by themselves, very often the music spoils them. "She bought a hat like Princess Marina's" is the most obvious case of this. Beautiful lyrics standing alone, the ragtime beat becomes incongruous. The Kinks have shown a proficiency in satire in past songs like "Sunny Afternoon" and "Well Respected Man." They have maintained this in the album. Australia is the best parody and perhaps the best song on the album.

The album is not a success. It is not entirely the fault of the Kinks. The field in which they work is new and needs a lot of work. The Kinks in their shortcomings have left valuable experience for others. Not as an opera, but as an album, "Arthur" has its high points, "Australia", "Some Mother's Son" and "Mr. Churchill Says" but because of the format it too often becomes boring.

Australia, no class distinction Australia, no drug addiction Nobody's got a chip on their shoulder We'll surf like they do in the U.S.A.

On the Moody Blues

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Humble Pie; Through all the noise they made They had their own style.

Starting quick and lively; See the gypsy dance; Then softly: 'Come with us' they say, 'For we're all looking for someone.'

Climax: Tuesday afternoon, and I am suspended- Hanging by the strange power of the flute; Hypnotized by the organ rides, breathing Now, now, now.

'Come with us,' 'Follow us' 'We are the pied pipers of freedom, love, peace.' Truly moody- Blues

Anne Snyder

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Business Pods

Sucker Puckers

Business came up with a more co-ordinated performance to hand the Puckers their second defeat in six starts, in a 3-1 loss at Varsity Arena.

In a game filled with fouls and altercations the Scar squad could not get on track and business drew away with two last period goals. Love was the Puckers' markers.

Puckers remain tied for first place.

Undeclared Dents Fall To Scar. B--Ballers

In an upset of major proportions league-leading Dents were brought to their knees and their first defeat, while conversely the Scar squad gained their first win in four starts.

Led by that ray of sunshine, "Dow the PLOUGH" the Scar mottleys surged to an early 18-7 lead, and never looked back. At the end of the 40 minute marathon game the winning margin was 67-58 with Scar squad worthy winners.

Standouts for Scar. were Randy Gordon who contributed 14 points to the tally, but whose hard-nosed hustling disrupted the opposition on many occasions; Lorne Greenspan chipped in a neat 13 points, Baker the major share 20 points —a tiger on rebounds, and the Old Plough with 19 points, a real captains performance.

The Scar bench strength got in at the end with the quality of the play not varying one iota. Foremost amongst these was Rhino Rossetto who lobbed in the old single point and Rasputin Carson whose great hustle negated Dents last attempt to draw level.

"Old Pumpabltizer would have been proud"

HARLEQUIN



Wayne Love, the rangy Scar centre, scorer of the lone Puckers goal.

REVIEW

Chinese Poems

by Michael Clancy

"We hold our flat shields, we wear our jerkins of hide;
The axes of our chariots touch, our short swords meet.
Standards darken the sun, the foe roll on like clouds;
Arrows fall thick, the warriors press forward.
They have overrun our ranks, they have crossed our line:
The trace-horse on the left is dead, the one on the right is wounded.
The fallen horses block our wheels, our chariot is held fast;
We grasp our jade drum-sticks, we beat the rolling drums."

Heaven decrees their fall, the dread Powers are angry;
The warriors are all dead, they live in the open fields.
They set out, but shall not enter; they went but shall not come back.
The plains are empty and wide, the way home is long.
Their tall swords are at their waist, their bows are under their arm;
Though their heads were severed their spirit could not be subdued.
They that fought so well—in death are warriors still;
Stubborn and steadfast to the end, they could not be dishonoured.
Their bodies perished in the fight, but the magic of their soul is strong—
Captains among the ghosts, heroes, among the Dead!

The Valley Wind
by Lu Yun (Fourth Century A.D.)

Living in retirement beyond the World,
Silently renouncing isolation,
I pull the rope of my door tighter
And bind firmly this cracked jar. I
May spirit is turned to the Spring-season;
At the fall of the year there is autumn in my heart
Thus imitating cosmic changes
My cottage becomes a Universe.

1 That serves as a window.

Mao's cultural revolution, the constant condemnation of such beautiful work as "bourgeois"; the Red Guards in all their fury; could never wipe the fast of the ancient east, that cool mountain mist and that delicate humanity, from the minds of appreciative students of poetry. Perhaps, despite his so-called insanity or treason—depending on your attitude towards W. Carlos Williams—Ezra Pound did more than anyone to cultivate a western interest in eastern poetry. Pound showed us exactly how difficult and creative effective translation of poetry, from one language to another, can be.

Arthur Waley carries on the tradition Pound set for us twenty years ago, with a sensitive recreation of the Chinese form.

The two poems that I have chosen to re-print are indicative of the ancient Chinese spirit. There is an element of lasting value, especially in "Hymn to the Fallen" that most modern poets usually

ignore. It seems quite unbelievable that a poet of an entirely different culture, captive in the fourth century before Christ, could articulate, so well, the feelings we have for War and Mankind today.

Waley shows his mastery of translation; his sensitivity does not allow him to translate words easily butchered by the Teutonic soundings of English speech. He retains the original Chinese and footnotes the feeling: "Our ears are weary with the sound of 'kung' and 'shang'."

Kung and shang being notes of the musical scale.

Such stuff cries for quiet reading. The relaxing tone, the soft sounds, the heavy feeling, make these translations well worth reading.

And, from "Escorting Candidates to the Examination Hall—A.D. 805", (rings a bell doesn't it?)

"Spring is deep and my term of office spent;

Day by day my thoughts go back to the hills."



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